

Handle

with

Care

a novel

Marybeth
Mayhew Whalen



Praise for *Handle with Care*

TK

—TK

Praise for *Every Moment Since*

“*Every Moment Since* will grip you with its compelling, ‘just-one-more-page’ mystery, then alter your heart with its beautifully drawn cast of characters. Full of real emotional insight and depth, it’s a book to finish in the small hours, feeling utterly transformed.”

—Hannah Richell, author of *The Search Party*

“*Every Moment Since* is an astonishing work that didn’t let me go, even after the last line. This book has it all: rich characters who jump off the page, a present and past that feel so familiar, and a sense of urgency to see how it all unfolds. I miss this book already!”

—Ethan Joella, author of *The Same Bright Stars*

“*Every Moment Since* is unforgettable. Marybeth Whalen takes every family’s worst nightmare and uses her amazing talent for exploring the aftermath to bring this story home. How do you go on when there are no answers? What does forgiveness really look like? In telling the story of Davy Malcor’s disappearance, she’s tapped into a whole new world of emotional family drama. Heartbreaking and suspenseful, this is Whalen’s finest work to date.”

—J.T. Ellison, *New York Times* bestselling author of *It’s One of Us*

“*Every Moment Since* is everything you want in a novel—a gripping story, nostalgia for lost childhood, exorbitant love, a deep sense of place, and page-turning tension. From the opening scene where a child’s jacket is found twenty-one years after he’s gone missing to the heart-rending conclusion, this story is brought to vivid life with Marybeth Mayhew Whalen’s pitch-perfect prose and signature ability to dive into the characters’ deepest secrets and desires. As the lives of those left behind draw ever closer, we hold our breath to find out the truth. For those who love the work of Taylor Jenkins Reid and Jessica Knoll, you’ve just found your next book club read.”

—Patti Callahan Henry, *New York Times* bestselling author of *The Secret Book of Flora Lea*

“*Every Moment Since* is a masterpiece, an important study of humanity, grief, and especially hope in the aftermath of unfathomable trauma. In her best work yet, Whalen expertly and delicately paints an unflinchingly real picture of what happens to a family and a town when weathered scars are opened anew. *Every Moment Since* will deeply resonate with all readers. I couldn’t put it down!”

—Joy Callaway, international bestselling author of *What the Mountains Remember*

“Marybeth Mayhew Whalen is at her finest in this novel that dissects the harrowing toll on family and community when a child goes missing. This sophisticated and compelling novel establishes Whalen as an unflinching voice in fiction.”

—Kimberly Brock, bestselling author of *The Lost Book of Eleanor Dare*

“Full of atmosphere and twists and turns, Marybeth Mayhew

Whalen's *Every Moment Since* is a must-read!"

—Catherine McKenzie, *USA TODAY* bestselling author of *I'll Never Tell* and *Have You Seen Her*

"*Every Moment Since* is a heart-pounding mystery that is sure to leave you breathless. Well-crafted with twists and turns around every corner, Marybeth Whalen's latest is a triumph!"

—Liz Fenton and Lisa Steinke, authors of *Forever Hold Your Peace*

"*Every Moment Since* is one of those compelling stories that you keep promising yourself just one more page, then just one more chapter, and before you know it you've plowed through another five chapters and have stayed up well past your bedtime. Fast-paced and cleverly written, Marybeth Whalen tethers you deeply into the dark recesses of this story while unraveling the truth behind what really happened to Davy Malcor."

—T. I. Lowe, #1 international bestselling author of *Under the Magnolias*



ALSO BY MARYBETH MAYHEW WHALEN

Every Moment Since

This Secret Thing

Only Ever Her

When We Were Worthy

The Things We Wish Were True

The Bridge Tender

The Wishing Tree

The Guest Book

She Makes It Look Easy

The Mailbox



Handle with Care

A Novel

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*This one is for Ingrid Herriott, who lent so
much to this story.*

*And in memory of her mother, Kari Cynar,
who made sure we met.*



THOMAS NELSON
Since 1798

At acceptance, the Postal employees will ask, “Does this parcel contain anything liquid, fragile, perishable, or potentially hazardous?”

—United States Postal Service

Hostage or not, sometimes it’s just nice to be held.

—Unknown



THOMAS NELSON
Since 1798

THE PARTS OF A FRIENDLY LETTER

(And the Parts of This Story)

1. heading
2. greeting
3. body
4. closing
5. signature



Heading

THIS IS A story about hope. It is also a story about four women who are taken hostage by a young man with a gun and not much of a plan, but we will get to that later. Before we do, we should spend a moment discussing hope. *Hope* can be a noun or a verb. And while it will likely be used as a verb at some point in the story, for now we are going to focus on *hope* as a noun. A noun, as you might remember from elementary school, can be a person, place, or thing. Our hope is two of those.

While there are places called Hope, hope is not a place in this situation. Instead, our story happens in a little town called Sunset Beach, North Carolina. Depending on which way you are going—north or south—Sunset Beach is either the last beach in North Carolina or the first. It is a lovely little town, a place where nothing much happens, which is what the people who live there love about it. People say Disney is the happiest place on earth, when, actually, Sunset Beach is. But even in the happiest of places, things can go awry.

So, if hope is not a place, then you've probably guessed that it is both a person and a thing in our story. And you would be right. Hope is a person,

whom you will soon meet. You will also meet Sylvie and Morrow and Blythe and Nadine, and others who will come in and out of this story. (There are a lot of people involved in a hostage situation, as you can imagine.) As our story begins, Hope, the person, doesn't have much hope, the thing, at all. But it's important to remember that no matter what happens from here on out, this is a story about hope. Now, let's get started.



THOMAS NELSON
Since 1798

Greeting



THOMAS NELSON
Since 1798

Chapter 1

April 16

IT IS SPRING in Sunset Beach, which is second only to fall in Sunset Beach. Summer is a necessary time for the town since most of the people who live here make the bulk of their income from the tourists who arrive in summer, tripling the population for the high season of Memorial Day until Labor Day. But in the spring (and fall) the weather is lovely, the tourists are mostly gone, and the beaches are less crowded. Everything is less crowded. In spring the people who live there year-round are especially grateful they do.

This week is no exception, as the forecast is for temperatures in the seventies and no rain. When Sylvie checks the weather on her phone, she sees only a line of suns. If she had a yard, she'd be outside gardening on a week like this. But Sylvie doesn't have a yard anymore because she has moved to an "active living community." There, retirees like herself and her husband live in a little (less to clean!) one level (no stairs to climb!) house with a yard the size of a postage stamp (no grass to mow!). Everything about their living situation tends toward less activity, which has begun to suit Sylvie just fine.

Though she doesn't like to admit it, she's not a young woman anymore. In fact, some might call her old. She is faced with

this whenever she sees her face. Or whenever she looks at her husband, Robert, who has morphed into an old man, with hair growing out of his ears and eyelids that have pleated, the flesh drooping down over his eyes, reminding her a little of a basset hound they once had. Though she would never say that to him.

How did this happen? She sometimes thinks when she looks at Robert, and always when she looks at herself, *How did we get so old?* Sylvie is thinking about being old a lot more since their son and his family visited for the weekend just a few days ago. The thought of the weekend makes her eyes stray to the large manila envelope she has tucked out of sight in the space between her nightstand and the bed. She'd promised to mail it this week, but the week is almost over. Sylvie turns away from the envelope, leaving it behind by leaving her bedroom.

She goes to the kitchen instead, busying herself with something else besides the envelope and what is inside it. Though she's already made lunch for Robert (she wasn't hungry, but he was), she needs to decide what to fix for dinner. She has been thinking about what to fix for dinner for decades now, yet the question still regularly stumps her. She rummages around in the refrigerator at their prospects, which are not so good. She really needs to make a run to the grocery store, another errand she has been putting off, but not for the same reasons she has put off going to the post office.

Sylvie opens the pantry door as if something magic will appear before her eyes. But, to quote the old nursery rhyme, the cupboard is bare. Sylvie thinks maybe she and Robert will just go out to dinner. They go out to dinner too much now that they are retired. She admits this. But it's so nice to have somewhere to go, to chat with other people, even if those people are only the restaurant owners and servers. It adds some excitement to the day. Retirement is, as her friend Bea says, "Six Saturdays and a

Sunday.” Sylvie used to look forward to weekends. Now her life is one long loop of them. It’s not that retirement isn’t nice. It’s quite relaxing. It’s just sort of, if she’s being completely honest, boring.

Sylvie shuts the pantry door and goes to stand at the kitchen window, which looks out over their suggestion of a backyard. From the window she spots a large lizard strolling across their back deck. He stops to tip his head toward the sky as a large red plume emerges from his neck. She calls out to Robert, “That big ole lizard is back!” and smiles to herself as she hears a hurried shuffling of feet in response. She doesn’t know what it says about their life that a lizard sighting is cause for excitement, but as the young people say, it is what it is.

Sylvie observes the lizard’s attempt to attract a mate, both intrigued and horrified by the strange ritual taking place on their porch. Robert comes to stand beside her, and they watch side by side without speaking. Once, a female lizard appeared and the male jumped on her. The two wrestled around in a violent sort of way until Sylvie banged on the glass and they both ran off. Perhaps this will occur again. Sylvie finds herself hoping for it, just for something to happen.

Robert turns to grin at her, and for a fraction of a second she fears that he has forgotten who she is, that he will ask her name and try to introduce himself. It would not be the first time. But no, he is smiling just to smile. Today is one of his good days, and he must know it as much as she does, though they will not put words to it.

She thinks of the envelope again as the lizard gives up his quest for a mate and wanders off. Watching him go, she decides what she’s going to do, committing before she can talk herself out of it. She turns away from the window to look at Robert. “I have to run an errand,” she says to him. “Just a quick one.” She smiles even as a sick dread fills her stomach over the part she is leaving

out. A half-truth is not a lie, she reasons.

“We’re woefully low on food, so I need to pick up something to make for dinner tonight. What are you in the mood for?”

Instead of answering, Robert takes her in his arms and dances her around the kitchen, humming “I’m in the Mood for Love.” Sylvie laughs, and the dread she was feeling dissipates some. Robert takes her on a rotation of their small kitchen before letting her go. He steps back. “I could come with you,” he offers.

“No,” she says as her heart picks up speed. If Robert joins her, he will wonder why she’s stopping at the post office. He will ask what’s in the envelope she is mailing. Sylvie doesn’t want Robert to know what’s in the envelope. She doesn’t want anyone to know what’s in there. She wishes she didn’t herself.

“I’ll be quick,” she tells him. “And you hate grocery shopping.”

She gives him a reassuring smile, though it’s herself she’s trying to reassure. She adds, “Just don’t come in here and make any food while I’m gone. I’ll be back in plenty of time to make us dinner, and I wouldn’t want you spoiling it.” She gives a little laugh, an effort to make light of what she has just said to her husband, speaking to him as if he were a child, thinking of any other things he could attempt that he shouldn’t while she is gone.

“And don’t go for a walk by yourself, okay? Wait on me, and we can do something when I get back. I won’t be gone long.” She says this again, wondering if she should leave him alone at all. But no, she will continue to think positive: He is having a good day. He knows who she is, he’s in good spirits, he’s recognized the routines of their day, and he’s been oriented to his surroundings. (These are all the things Sylvie has learned to watch out for from googling.) A couple of quick errands should be fine. She worries too much.

She huffs out the anxiety that has built up within her as Robert nods his assent to all she has said, not seeming to notice her

safeguarding. And if he does, he doesn't mention it. Neither of them ever broaches what is happening to him. Theirs is a tacit, unspoken pact to ignore it until a time comes when they have to address it. But Sylvie does wish she could talk to him about it. To do so would be to share the burden, just as they always have when hard things have come along. But would that be selfish of her to force the issue if he'd rather not face it? She fears it would, so she keeps quiet. Instead, she asks him for ideas of what they could do when she gets home.

"It's such a pretty day," Robert says. "We could take our chairs out to the beach and sit."

They love to do that. It is one of their favorite things about living in Sunset Beach. They have so much time together now. Time they've waited so long to have. And yet the more time they have, the faster it seems to slip away. *Not yet*, she thinks. *Not yet*.

"Yes," she tells her husband. "That sounds lovely." She is already looking forward to that moment. In just a few hours it will be the two of them with their toes in the sand and the ocean as their vista. They might even take along books to read. Nonfiction for him, fiction for her, just the way it's always been. "Let's do that. Anything you want."

He waggles his eyebrows and she sees the young man he once was. That was a long time ago and no time at all. "Anything?" he asks, and she laughs as he takes her in his arms again, spinning her around the room one more time.

Chapter 2

THIS STORY STARTS with a hot dog. That's boiling it down some (Get it, hot dog? Boil?), but without that hot dog, it's fair to say that none of the rest of what's to come would've happened. Two postal workers, Martha and Stacy, got a craving for a hot dog, a very specific hot dog from a very specific place called Burg Dog, and decided they just couldn't go on with their workday without one.

They talked about how good those hot dogs were so much that they convinced the new girl at the post office, Nadine, to hold down the fort while they ran over to Shallotte "real quick" to get them all a hot dog for lunch. (Even though we all know no one runs "real quick" over to Shallotte.) Someone had to stay at the post office to take care of the customers and, being the newbie, Nadine was the easy pawn in Stacy and Martha's plan to cut out of there.

It is a Thursday, after all, which in many towns like Sunset Beach is Friday eve. And it is springtime to boot. The flowers are blooming, the sun is shining bold and bright in the sky, and the air feels fresh and hopeful. It is the kind of spring day when you can smell the green in the air. So naturally Stacy and Martha wanted a little field trip away from work. Who could blame them?

Those two were breaking rules and taking risks by leaving in

the middle of a shift, but Nadine figured what business was it of hers if they did? It wasn't her neck on the chopping block if they got caught. Nadine's biggest concern was whether she could hold her own with the customers who came in while Stacy and Martha were gone.

"What do I do if they ask to speak to whoever's in charge?" she asked Martha, who actually was in charge, just before they left.

"Tell them *you* are," quipped Martha. Then they all laughed, because that was far from the truth.

Nadine isn't the "person in charge" type. She tends to be more the quiet, unobtrusive, "fade into the background" type. Unless she's singing. When Nadine is singing, she isn't quiet or unobtrusive, and she doesn't fade into the background. She "comes out of her shell," as her mama says. Nadine wants to come out of her shell more often. It's just hard to find the opportunity. People expect her to be a certain way. Case in point, Stacy and Martha expected her to go along with their scheme, and that's exactly what she did.

Through the front windows of the post office, Nadine sees Martha's car pull out of the parking lot and tries to remember if she'd told them to add onions to her hot dog. It doesn't matter anyway. She will get what she gets. She can live without onions. She just hopes they remember that she'd said no mustard. Her mama always taught her never to say "hate" about anything, but Nadine does hate mustard.

Restless, she stands up from the little stool she usually sits on and stretches her back, lifting her arms up into the air as she reaches for the ceiling, then dipping all the way down toward the floor, before standing back up again. It feels good to stretch and take some deep breaths. She is tired from staying late at Wednesday night karaoke last night. She knows she should've gone home at a decent hour, but she'd been having such a good time. It was

hard to leave knowing she was only going home to her little, empty house. And, she will admit, she likes the compliments she gets from people when she sings, telling her she has a good voice, telling her she should go on *American Idol* or *The Voice* or some such. Like she ever would.

Don't get her wrong. She loves to sing. But she's pretty sure she doesn't have that kind of talent. She's good enough for a church solo, which is how she got started singing back when she was a little bitty thing. But even though she likes singing, she knows she shouldn't have gone out on a work night when she should've been getting her rest.

The job at the post office is exhausting. There is so much to learn, so much to remember. It is not easy keeping up with all the rules and regulations attached to mailing a simple package. Nadine doesn't think she'll ever learn it all. Stacy, who's taken her under her wing and been so nice to her ever since she got here, says she'll get the hang of it before she knows it. She hopes so. She needs the job now more than ever, even if it overwhelms her.

At least she has the weekend to look forward to. Tomorrow is Friday! TGIF! Nadine checks the clock to see how much longer till she can go home. She lets out a long sigh. There are still five hours to go. Martha, who hasn't taken Nadine under her wing and isn't really the type to take anyone under her wing, says that if you want to make time slow down, just hang out in the Sunset Beach post office. Martha isn't wrong. Martha rarely is, and she's the first to let you know it.

Wait. She looks back at the clock, registering the time as her heart lifts a little. By now he has the papers. By now he should know. It is a good sign, she decides, that she's gotten no calls or texts. She feels a little glimmer in her heart, the faintest stirring, the stardust but not the whole shooting star. Still, it is enough. It is still hope. Maybe, she thinks, everything will be okay. Just

like her mama said it would. But Mama doesn't know the whole story. There are some things Nadine doesn't want to burden her mama with yet.

Before she can think on it anymore, the entry door opens and a woman comes in carrying a large box, struggling under its weight. The door doesn't swing closed behind her because another woman comes in right on the other woman's heels. Customers. Nadine swallows back her nerves, hoping she can take care of whatever these ladies need without having her coworkers here to back her up. She hopes Stacy and Martha won't dillydally, but she isn't counting on it. Now that they have escaped, they aren't likely to rush back. Not on a day like today.

The customer hoists the box up onto the counter between them, blocking Nadine's view of her and cutting off any chance that the woman can see the helpful smile Nadine tries to offer. Later Nadine will recall that moment, how she thought to herself, *It's showtime.*

And what a show it turned out to be.



Chapter 3

JUST A LITTLE ways down the road from the post office, a woman is running. Not for her life, but for her health. The woman is Hope, the person, who doesn't necessarily like to run but does so because she knows she should since she's not old but she's not getting any younger either. She is also running because she is bored and she knows a run will kill some time before she can shower, then walk the short distance from the place she has been calling home to the place where she works.

She rounds the corner and her heart sinks a little at the sight of the house. She might *call* it home, but it is not her home. Hope has a home, but it is halfway across the country from where she is now. She left that home to come to Sunset Beach, to the trailer everyone in her family refers to as simply "108."

Hope's family has made 108 Live Oak Drive their second home since 1980, not all that long after Sunset Beach was established, which was in 1958. (If you want to fact-check that date, just look on the T-shirts the tourists wear, and you'll see.) But it's a long time nonetheless, especially when you consider that 1980 was almost fifty years ago, which, for many of us, is hard to accept.

Hope's grandmother used to own the trailer, and when she passed it was left to Hope's dad. But he doesn't come here much

anymore. So when everything happened and she needed somewhere to land, it made sense for her to land here. She planned to stay a few weeks, but that was eight months ago.

Hope slows her pace as she nears 108, allowing both her and her running partner, a Rottweiler named Rufus, time to catch their collective breath. She can hear Rufus panting as they walk, but she does not make eye contact with him. She knows she probably ran farther than he would've wanted had he possessed the means to say so. Rufus is not old, but he's not getting any younger either. He does not love to run no matter how good it is for him. As they walk the remaining distance to the trailer, Hope reminds Rufus of the benefits of running. She discusses the effects of cardio on heart health and weight loss. She does not say that Rufus could stand to lose a few pounds. She doesn't want to hurt his feelings.

A little truck drives past them, and they pause before crossing to the driveway of 108. "Plus, I have to go to work soon," Hope continues, "and you'll be in your crate the whole time I'm gone." At the word *crate*, Rufus comes to a stop. But Hope tugs gently on his leash to keep him moving. "Now you'll be good and tired and the time will go by faster because you'll be asleep while I'm gone. So really, I did you a favor."

They make their way up the driveway together, Rufus taking his sweet time until they hear the crunching of tires on the gravel and turn in unison to see the same truck that just drove by suddenly there, behind them. She hears the driver put the truck into Park, and her heart rate spikes in tandem. She reminds herself that this is Sunset Beach, not Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. There is no need to be alarmed.

Rufus, however, does not see the distinction and begins barking and lunging at the driver, who is really, she sees as he emerges from the truck, just a boy. A boy who immediately flattens him-

self against the truck at the sight of the dog, his eyes wide as he says something that sounds like, “Uhhhh?”

Hope struggles to apologize to the kid and wrestle with Rufus at the same time. It takes all of her strength to restrain the beast. Rufus is a sweet dog, but he is trained for Hope’s safety and takes that job very seriously.

Once Rufus is still, she scolds him for good measure, using her authoritative voice. She knows that if Rufus could roll his eyes in response, he would. She goes to take a step but discovers that Rufus, in his efforts to get at the truck’s driver, has somehow wound the leash around her legs. If she actually needed to run away, she would not be able to. So, in that respect, Rufus has not been thinking of her safety. She alternates between trying to unwind the leash from her calves and maintain control of Rufus. Once freed, she yanks the leash in such a way that Rufus has no choice but to head with her toward the trailer.

She calls out over her shoulder, “Let me just put him up,” without even checking to see if the kid is still smashed up against the truck. Inside the house, she unclips the leash, freeing Rufus to go stick his head in his water bowl, which he does, making loud, grateful, slurping noises. Hope could use some water too, but first she needs to get rid of the kid in her driveway. If he is even still there. He might’ve fled after his run-in with Rufus. No one would blame him.

She turns and goes back through the door, running smack into someone as she does. Except she hasn’t run into a person. She’s run into a massive bouquet of flowers. A floral scent fills the air around her, reminding her of the way the church sanctuary smelled on her wedding day. For a moment she feels dizzy, disoriented.

“I’m sorry, ma’am,” says the kid, who is now in her doorway

holding the flowers. If Hope had looked closer, she would've noticed the florist's logo on the side of his truck, but she was distracted by her dog. "I just thought I'd bring these on in to you. Are you okay?"

"Sure, sure," she manages to say. "I'm fine." She takes the bouquet from the boy's outstretched hand and gives it a once-over. It seems fine too. No flowers were harmed in this collision.

The kid points at the card that is fastened to the bouquet. "Hope," he reads her name aloud.

Hope nods. "That's my name," she says. She does not say, "Don't wear it out," but she thinks it.

"Huh," he says. "That's the name of this bouquet too." He points again at her name on the card as if it is proof. "We call it 'The Hope Bouquet.' My mom came up with it." He gestures to the flowers, the wide array of incongruent colors and shapes clustered together. "She puts in all the different flowers that are supposed to symbolize hope, you know?"

She does know. It had been her husband Alex's idea to fill the sanctuary at their wedding with all the flowers that are meant to symbolize hope: lilies and crocuses and cherry blossoms and irises and daffodils. It was a loud, mismatched, beautiful mess. In keeping with the theme, she'd danced with her father to "Wildflowers" by Tom Petty as her mother stood off to the side watching, persistently catching her tears with a tissue to preserve her full face of makeup.

"I guess whoever sent you these saw we had a bouquet with your name on it, so they just had to choose it," the boy says, pulling her out of the memory. "Usually people send it for, like, tragedies and stuff."

Tragedies, Hope thinks. There are several things she could say in response to that, but none of them seem appropriate to tell this boy. So she says, "Yeah, I guess so," then adds, "Well, thanks

again,” and waves the flowers. “Better go put these in some water.”

“No problem,” he says. Close up, the kid doesn’t even look old enough to be driving. He might not be. He gives her a grin and then hurries away, calling out, “Have a nice day, *Hope*,” over his shoulder as he goes.

Hope looks down at her name on the envelope as she carries the flowers inside, knowing without opening the card who they are from. Of course Alex has sent her a bouquet called Hope, observing her birthday even though she’d asked him not to. She knew better than to tell him that she didn’t deserve to celebrate her birthday—that would only result in a lecture—so she’d said, “I don’t feel like celebrating,” which was also true.

She sets the flowers down on the counter and plucks the card from its little stake, tearing at the seal to reveal the tiny greeting that is clearly not in her husband’s handwriting because he is far, far away. She looks down at the words he has told the florist to write:

I always feel like celebrating you. Happy Birthday.

Love,
Alex

Hope traces her finger across the words and stands in silence for a moment, reminded of the decisions she has to make. But now is not the time. Birthday or no, she has to get to work. She looks at the clock—between the extra-long run and the flower delivery, she’s going to be late if she doesn’t get a move on. She doesn’t have time to trim flower stems and prepare a vase and put the bouquet in water. But if she doesn’t, they will wither and possibly die. Hope studies the bouquet for one second longer.

She lets herself appreciate the beauty, the aroma, the memories that swirl in the air. Her birthday used to be such a special day, a day that always involved celebrating in some way with her mom. Hope bends over and inhales deeply. Then she stands up, turns away, and leaves the flowers behind.



THOMAS NELSON
Since 1798

About the Author



Kristee Mays Photography

MARYBETH WHALEN is the author of *Handle with Care* and ten previous novels. Marybeth received a BA degree in English with a concentration in Writing and Editing from NC State University a long time ago and has been writing ever since. She is the co-founder of The Book Tide, an online community of readers where “a rising tide raises all books.” Marybeth and her husband Curt are the parents of six children, with only one left at home. A native of Charlotte, North Carolina, Marybeth now calls Sunset Beach, North Carolina home.



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